

Good Morning 441

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

MAIN topic in Hastings pubs these days concerns Lieut. (E.) A. F. A. Abbott, D.S.O., R.N., whose home is in that town.

The story links up with H.M. Submarine "Torbay," which recently returned to its base flying two Jolly Rogers and crowded with symbols.

During her second Mediterranean commission, H.M.S. "Torbay" brought her total of enemy supply shipping known to have been sunk to more than 50,000 tons.

An outstanding exploit was an attack on a floating dock, a particularly difficult target to torpedo because of its shallow draft.

"The dock, which was about 400 feet in length, was in tow, and escorted by four anti-submarine vessels," stated the commanding officer.

"After a long and difficult approach we fired torpedoes, which ran under the target. Strangely enough, the torpedo tracks were not seen, although it was broad daylight, and there was no counter-attack. We fired two more torpedoes. Both of them hit, and there was no doubt that the dock sank."

On one patrol the "Torbay" sent to the bottom five ships in four days.

YOU'VE got me up a tree, Telegraphist A. Hall—your query of the Quiz in No. 179 is far too involved for me to figure out. I have passed your letter on to the guy who figures these things out, and you will no doubt be hearing from him.

Glad to see you like the paper—you seem to be a little out of date, but I suppose you will be getting later issues by this time.

Need not apologise for the pencil, chum—too bad someone knocked off your pen, though.

Sorry to see you are in the sick bay—what about a spot of sick leave in London? We will be glad to see you.

Pamela wouldn't wake up, A.B. Jowett

WHEN the "Good Morning" representatives turned the corner of Ederoyd Drive, Stanningley, near Leeds, they agreed that the odds were 10-1 that the pretty little girl sitting on a stool at one of the gates was the daughter of Able Seaman E. J. Jowett, and they were right.

Jean (the girl at the gate), your wife, and 2½-year-old Pamela, are all well and happy. We wanted Pamela



Peggy of the "Windmill"

DESERVING the obituary notices in most of last Sunday's newspapers was Nuisance, the Great Dane mascot of the Royal Navy.

A great favourite with all at the camp, he was buried with full Naval honours at Simon's Town, South Africa.

I HEAR that Mrs. Dempster's cookery book has been officially adopted by the Royal Navy. The recipes of Mrs. Beeton, who knew nothing about cooking in a tiny galley with a high sea running, are barred.

Mrs. Dempster, a Lowestoft widow, is one of 11 domestic science mistresses who have trained more than 5,000 sea cooks at a station on the East Coast.

This letter from the Commodore of the station was read at a meeting of the East Suffolk Finance Committee: "The Royal Navy owes a debt to the band of ladies who undertook this unusual, exciting, and essential war work.

Now they're cooking' by gas, huh?"

CREW of "Queen of the Underseas" has good taste, I see. On behalf of himself and his shipmates, P.O. Telegraphist —X—X—X writes to ask for a picture of Peggy, of the Windmill Theatre.

The picture is in the post,

W. H. Millier
tells how
promoters beat
the ticket
forgers

TURNSTILE TOUTS GET NO CHANGE

THE war clouds have not yet rolled away, but already there is a chink in the sky, which promises the sunshine of peace; and this alone is sufficient to lure the mind into pipe-dreams of the future and to conjecture what it may hold for us. Sport. Yes, that will be the best outlet for all the bottled-up tension of the past few years.

Sport will flourish as never before, at least for the first few seasons after the war, and as long as there is enough money to go round.

There is a grumble among promoters of sporting events that entertainment tax is too high, but as so many of the ventures now running are still doing very nicely, thank you, they cannot say that high taxation is putting them out of business.

It remains to be seen whether this will still hold good when competition becomes keener and full value for money will have to be given to the public.

It is fairly evident that we cannot expect very much in the way of relief from heavy taxation for many years to come.

You cannot pour millions upon millions of money down the drain, as in war-time, and still expect to have a plentiful supply on tap.

Promoters will just have to make the best of things as they are and make their arrangements accordingly. If what transpired after the last war is any guide, there will be no lack of money for sporting entertainment, and high prices will rule.

Seats will be bought up by speculators and re-sold at a profit, and this will no doubt bring in its train the usual crop of forgeries.

No doubt many people will be surprised to learn what precautions promoters have to take against the forging of their tickets, particularly when it concerns an event which is sure to capture the public.

Forging tickets for big sporting events is more profitable than counterfeiting banknotes, because the risk of discovery and subsequent trouble is not so great.

In the first few years after the last war the crooks did a flourishing business in forged tickets for big fights; and one gang thought to improve on this by breaking into a promoter's booking office and stealing a huge block of seats for a big show at Olympia.

It is not known how many of those tickets were sold by the thieves, but not one of the buyers of them was permitted to enter the building.

Anyone offering one of the stolen tickets at the turnstiles was at once refused admission, and if any argument ensued there was a police official on hand to make enquiries.

With the keen demand for tickets for the F.A. Cup Final at Wembley, the sale of forgeries is simplicity itself, but none of the forged tickets hoodwink the men on the turnstiles.

The manager of Wembley Stadium prides himself on

his watertight system against forgeries. He cannot prevent dud copies being made and sold to gullible mugs, but he can and does prevent the passing of them into the Stadium.

His pride very nearly came to a fall some time ago, but he emerged triumphant. At a Cup Final game he was sent for by the boss, Mr. A. J. Elvin, to explain how it was that two tickets had been issued for one seat. "That is impossible," said the manager. "It must be a forged ticket that has been passed in."

"No," said Mr. Elvin, "I have examined both tickets and they are genuine. I'll swear to that. The first man has his seat and quite rightly insists on keeping it, and the other fellow wants us to give him the seat. What are we going to do about it?"

The manager scratched his head and swore under his breath, and said, "I'll examine the tickets. They won't bamboozle me." He went to the scene of argument with the boss and then asked for both tickets.

After close scrutiny he had to reluctantly admit that they were both genuine.

Then he had another look; and to the man in the seat he handed back his ticket and told him he was quite rightfully entitled to his seat. He was sorry he had been given any trouble.

To the other man he said, "Do you mind stepping into the office for a moment?" He didn't mind at all. When they reached the privacy of this sanctum the manager asked, "Do you mind telling me where you obtained this ticket?"

"Certainly," said the man. "I couldn't get a ticket anywhere beforehand, so I came along to the Stadium on the off-chance, and as I was looking round, a little old man came up to me and asked 'Would you like to buy a ticket?'"

"What did you pay for it?" asked the manager. "That's the funny thing," was the reply. "I quite expected to have to pay through the nose for it, and was prepared to do so, but all the old fellow wanted was its face value—six bob. Of course, I jumped at it, and paid him like a shot."

Greatly relieved, the manager had his first laugh that day, and, turning to Mr. Elvin, he said, "Would you believe that anyone could be so impecunious as to wait ten years and come all the way to Wembley to cash in on a six-bob ticket?"

"I still don't see the point," said Elvin. "Is the ticket genuine?"

"Yes. We used this particular colour combination exactly ten years ago, and the old blighter who had this ticket must have come here every year until now on the assumption that we should repeat ourselves eventually to enable him to get his six bob back. That beats anything I have heard in this line."

The upshot was that both Elvin and his manager were so pleased to know that an actual forgery had not succeeded in hoodwinking them that they bought the bewildered ticket-purchaser a drink and then found him room in a private box, from which he could view the game in comfort, so that he was well pleased with his afternoon out.

But that is rarely the lot of the indiscriminate buyer of tickets from touts in the street. In nine cases out of ten he finds he has been sold a worthless piece of paper, and the moral is: If you want to see the game, buy your ticket from the proper quarter.

The "sharps" are for ever



thinking up new ways of catching "flats," and it takes a wise promoter all his time to keep pace with them.

Many years ago an American promoter came over here to show our promoters just how to run an open-air big fight. What he really succeeded in doing was to show them just how it should not be done.

He was a poorer, if wiser, man at the finish.

The fight was staged well enough, but only a very small portion of the gate receipts found their way into the promoter's pocket.

One of the bright boys became acquainted with the new

STRANGE BUT TRUE

On the day a Japanese baby is born it is reckoned to be nine months old, "birth" dating from the time of conception.

Gens was a group term used by the ancient Romans to designate the kindred or connections of any particular family, but only used in regard to the members of a noble family. The modern word "clan" most nearly corresponds with gens.

The deer forests of Scotland number over 150 and cover an area four times as large as Westmorland. They yield a rental of about £500,000. The forest of Invercauld alone is let for a rent of £5,000 a year.

promoter and offered to provide a uniformed staff to man the turnstiles at a very reasonable fee. The offer was accepted, and on the day the men in uniform did their job with remarkable proficiency.

The show had just started when at a given signal they left their turnstiles and disappeared into thin air. Directly the turnstiles were deserted the hard-up members of society took the opportunity of entering without paying.

In the hubbub that ensued the promoter searched in vain for his uniformed staff, but they were missing; so was the bright boy who had provided them, and so, too, was the money they had taken at the turnstiles.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Ron Richards



SKY ON FIRE

ABOUT eight p.m. the travellers found themselves in 32° 40' longitude by 4° 17' latitude; the atmospheric currents, under the influence of an approaching tempest, sent them on at the rate of 35 miles an hour. The fertile and undulated plains of Mfuto passed under their feet. The scene was admirable, and was admired.

"We are in the midst of the Moon country," said Dr. Fergusson, "for it has kept its ancient name, doubtless because the moon has always been worshipped in it. It certainly is a magnificent country, and it would be difficult to meet with a more luxuriant vegetation."

They soon saw the Malagazari, principal tributary of Lake Jauganyika, winding amidst masses of verdure; numerous streams formed from the swollen torrent ran into it, and it formed ponds hollowed out in the clayey soil.

It looked to the travellers from their elevated position, like a series of waterfalls covering the western part of the country. Cattle with enormous humps were pasturing in the prairie, and disappeared in the tall grass; scented forests looked like vast bouquets; but in these bouquets lions, leopards, hyenas, were taking refuge against the remaining heat of the day.

Sometimes an elephant made the tops of the trees bend, and the cracking of the branches under its ivory tusks could be heard.

"What a country for hunting!" cried Kennedy with enthusiasm! "even a chance bullet would bring down game worthy of it. Could we not try the effect?"

"No, Dick; night is coming on, and a tempestuous night, too. Tempests are terrible in this country, where the soil is like an immense electric battery."

"You are right, sir," said Joe; "the heat is stifling, and there is not a breath of wind; we can feel something coming."

"The atmosphere is full of electricity," answered the doctor. "Every living being is sensible to the state of the air which precedes the war of the elements. I acknowledge never to have been so affected by it before."

"Had we not better land?" asked the hunter.

Coming Storm

"On the contrary, Dick, I would rather go up higher. If my calculations are exact, we are in about 32° 40' longitude, and I want to get up above the Equator."

"Just look!" cried Kennedy, interrupting his companion. "Do you see those hippopotami in the ponds, with their enormous mass of sanguineous flesh, and those crocodiles making such a noise with their breathing?"

Under the influence of the ap-

proaching storm the silence gradually became general; it seemed as if the dense air could no longer conduct sound; the atmosphere appeared to be wadded, and, like a room hung with tapestry, lost all its sonority. Cranes, red and white jays, humming-birds, gnats, disappeared in the large trees.

The whole of nature showed signs of an approaching cataclysm. At nine p.m. the Victoria remained motionless above the Msene, a vast collection of villages scarcely distinguishable in the gloom; sometimes the reflection of a scattered ray in the dull water lighted up some ditches, laid out with regularity, and the last gleams of light made the calm and sombre form of the palms, sycamores, and gigantic euphorbias distinctly visible.

"I am suffocating!" said the Scotchman, taking as much of the rarefied air into his lungs as he could get; "we don't move! Are we going down?"

"But how about the storm?" said the doctor, getting uneasy.

"If you fear to be dragged out of your route by the wind, it seems to me that there is nothing else to do."

Standstill

"The storm will not break out to-night," said Joe; "the clouds are very high."

"That is the reason I fear to get above them; it would be necessary to get up to a great elevation, to lose sight of the earth,

FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON

By Jules Verne
Part VIII

and not to know where we are going to all night."

"But, master, had you not better take some rest, too; there is no danger yet."

"No, thank you. I prefer to watch. We are at a standstill; and if circumstances do not change, to-morrow will find us exactly in the same place."

Kennedy and Joe then stretched themselves out under their blankets, and the doctor remained alone in the immensity. Meanwhile the cloudy dome lowered perceptibly, and the darkness became profound. The dark vault surrounded the terrestrial globe as if to crush it.

All at once a flash of lightning broke across the gloom; it had scarcely gone before a violent peal of thunder shook the heavens.

"Look out!" cried Fergusson. The two sleepers had been

awakened by the noise, and were ready to obey his orders.

"Shall we go down?" asked Kennedy.

"No! the balloon would not resist. We must go up before the clouds come down in water and the winds break loose!"

In that part of Africa, during an equatorial storm, it is not rare to count from thirty to thirty-five flashes a minute. The sky is literally on fire, and the thunder claps go on all the time. The wind began to blow with fearful violence; it twisted the incandescent clouds, and seemed to be keeping up the flame with its breath.

In God's Hands

Dr. Fergusson kept his apparatus at its greatest heat; the balloon dilated and mounted; Kennedy, on his knees in the middle of the car, held down the curtains of the tent. The balloon turned round with giddy speed, and the travellers experienced much discomfort. Great cavities appeared in the balloon's envelope; the wind pressed them in, and the taffetas yielded to its pressure.

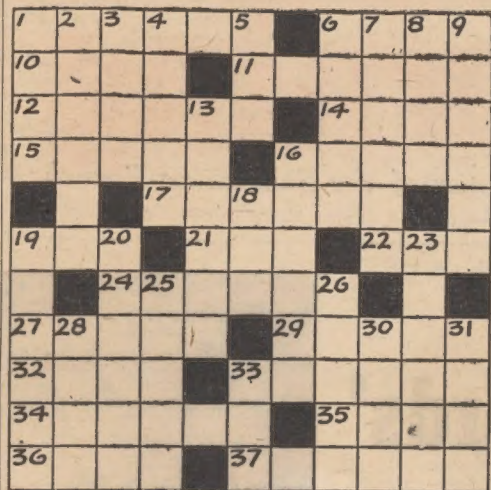
A sort of sleet, preceded by a tumultuous noise, beat upon the Victoria. The balloon still kept ascending; the flashes made fiery tangents on its circumference; it was in the midst of fire.

"We are in God's hands now!" said the doctor. "He alone can save us. We must be prepared for anything, even being set on fire; our fall may not be very rapid."

Dr. Fergusson consulted his barometer; it gave 12,000 feet elevation. It was eleven p.m.

"Thank heaven, all danger is

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Sharp tool.
- 6 Contest.
- 10 Appear dimly.
- 11 Pass by.
- 12 Inner.
- 14 Row.
- 15 Edible seeds.
- 16 Delight.
- 17 Girl's name.
- 19 Limited.
- 21 Vice.
- 22 Terminate.
- 24 Ran off.
- 27 Of a town.
- 29 Cutting machine.
- 32 Evening party.
- 33 Front of Building.
- 34 Girl's name.
- 35 Furnace.
- 36 Smaller.
- 37 Driven out.

CHAFF DATE
O SLAVISH D
A C T O R D I R G E
S L E W E D N O U N
T O R E E D I B L E
S R I P E N L
H U B C O T E R I E
E R E M I T E H E M
R E L I C C R I S P
D G E L A T I N T
C A N E S M O R Y

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Out short.
- 2 Upright.
- 3 One of the U.S.A.
- 4 Tennis stroke.
- 5 Went ahead.
- 6 Dip.
- 7 Narcotic.
- 8 Employer.
- 9 Called.
- 13 Motive.
- 15 Show place.
- 18 Tear.
- 19 Shrub.
- 20 First appearances.
- 23 Sharp rock.
- 25 Slats.
- 26 Curtains.
- 28 Mounted.
- 30 Blade.
- 31 Wrench.
- 33 From.

over," said he. "We have only to keep this height."

The sun rose above the horizon about six a.m. on the Monday; the clouds cleared away, and a fresh breeze sprang up. The perfumed earth reappeared before the travellers' eyes. The balloon had been sent hither and thither by opposite currents in a circle, and had altered its position very little; the doctor, letting the gas contract, descended, in order to seize a more northerly direction.

He sought for it for some time in vain; the wind dragged him westward, in sight of the celebrated mountains of the Moon, which encircle the end of Lake Tanganyika; their chain, but little broken, was outlined on the blue horizon; they looked like a natural fortification, inaccessible to the explorers of the centre of Africa; a few isolated summits were covered with eternal snow.

Nilewards

But the doctor soon found what he wanted. After having vainly tried different heights, the Victoria flew towards the north-east with average speed.

"We are in the right direction," said he, consulting his compass; our aim is to push towards a point near the Nile sources, and we have more than 600 miles to travel, as far as the extreme limit attained by the explorers from the north."

The three travellers decided to touch land as soon as they could find a favourable place. They were to make a prolonged halt, and pass the Victoria under review; the heat of the apparatus was moderated; the anchors, thrown out of the car, soon grazed the tall herbs of an immense prairie; from a certain height they seemed covered with short grass, but in reality the grass was seven or eight feet high.

All at once they felt a shock as the anchor had, doubtless, caught in some rocky fissure, hidden under the gigantic herbs.

(To be continued)

Meet Europe's Foster-Mother

BLONDE, blue-eyed, very confident, and an extremely hard worker, Miss Mary Craig McGeachy (pronounced "Ma-gay-hee"), thirty-nine-years-old Scots-Canadian, is going to be the most important woman in the world—at least, so far as the European war is concerned.

No, her husband-to-be is not in the running as President of the United States; she is not a film star; neither is she a photographic model. She is Welfare Director of UNRRA, and her organisation has the job of helping between 150,000,000 and 160,000,000 Europeans who will be feeling the effects of living beneath the Prussian jackboot for so long.

It is a terrific job. In fact, few men would have cared to undertake such a mammoth task. When, however, it was learnt that Mary Craig McGeachy was to take over the responsible position few expected her to make a success of the venture.

But they did not know Mary Craig McGeachy! She has taken on many assorted jobs; always has she succeeded.

Toronto-educated, she joined the League of Nations Secretariat in 1930; was in charge of public health, welfare and financial studies until 1940 when

she joined the Ministry of Economic Warfare.

Her brilliant organising ability, first-hand knowledge of a wide range of subjects, caught the eye of the "high-ups," and in 1942 she became our first woman diplomat when appointed First Secretary of the British Embassy in Washington.

In the United States capital, Miss McGeachy, with her affable charm, quick wit, sense of responsibility, and appreciation of the things that really matter in a war-torn world, quickly became a popular figure. High honours were forecast for her—but the great appointment of Welfare Director to UNRRA was considered by only a small circle.

But it is a job, as "Foster-Mother to Europe," that demands the skill and experience of a woman such as Miss McGeachy.

She will see that the freed peoples are given relief supplies to meet immediate needs: such as medical supplies, shelter, fuel, food and clothing. Health services, and the repatriation of people taken from their own lands for forced labour also come under her wing.

In addition, "Craig"—as she is known to her friends—is responsible for rehabilitation services and supplies (machinery, raw materials, fertilisers).

Of primary importance is the

need of a first-class "team" assisting her, for the dealings with the freed peoples will have to be done by "Mercy Squads" thoroughly familiar with specific areas of Europe, folk lore, likes and dislikes. In addition a firm friendliness is to be shown, for in a task such as Mary Craig McGeachy has taken on, system and rationing work hand-in-glove.

These workers, who are taking on this great task, are trained extremely hard, especially in the mastering of languages. One group of people spent a ten days' course in a London flat, during which period they did not speak a single word of English. Often five languages were shared by ten members of the group.

This same group, who are aiming at the Balkans, have trained in wild country—resembling, so far as possible, Balkan fashion—where often their only food was the ironations they carried.

In other parts of Britain young people, belonging to youth organisations, have put in weeks of training at special "Commando camps." Here they lived and worked under the rigorous conditions they can expect to find in Europe.

The organising of parties to hunt down missing children, and other essential work on the Continent, is seriously carried out, with the result that Mary Craig McGeachy's

workers, when they form the spearhead to our "Army of Relief," are well fitted for the duty.

Dehydrated foods play a major part in Miss McGeachy's plans for assisting the peoples of Europe. It is not generally appreciated what a great advance dehydration is, for one Liberty Ship, in a single voyage, can carry in a single trip the entire yearly output of 230,000 hens, or 2,800 cows. As milk for children and expectant mothers is high on the list of "priorities," dehydration has an added value.

Another novel method of assisting the oppressed to "Make Do and Mend" comes in the shape of flour bags made of good cloth. Flour, sent from the New World, has arrived in Britain inside sacks of good-class cloth, which can afterwards be cut up into lengths and made into suits or costumes.

Mary Craig McGeachy's workers can be relied upon to make a good job of this specialised branch of a specialised service.

All the world wishes the blonde, thirty-nine-years-old Scots-Canadian woman well. She has bravely undertaken one of the greatest tasks of all time. She will succeed. "M.C.M." never fails!

Franklin Adams

WANGLING WORDS—380

1. Put a frost in CA and get a peninsula.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Drune hitw eret em het tond pelap tub noaney seel tis.
3. Mix LINER, add B, and get a famous city.
4. Find the two hidden trees in: For that nice darn in your sock you will owe me six-pence.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 379

1. ADVANCE.
2. Let's all sing like the birdies sing.
3. ESTONIA.
4. Rug-by, E-to-n.

JANE



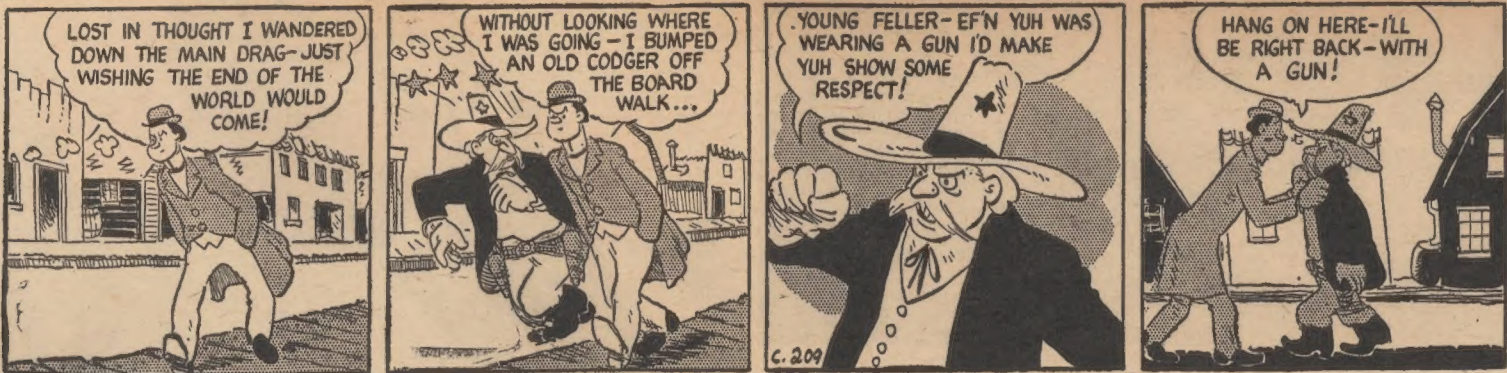
QUIZ for today

1. A jain is a silly girl, part of a harness, fruit drink, bird, member of a Hindu sect?
2. How many novelists can you think of beginning with B?
3. What is the average blood temperature of a human being, (a) Fahrenheit, (b) Centigrade?
4. What strait separates the Orkney Islands from Scotland?
5. Who was (a) the Little White Father, (b) the Boy Bachelor, (c) the Tiger?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Pannel, Panoply, Panel, Panikin, Pannicum, Pannier, Pannicky.

Answers to Quiz in No. 440

1. Greek letter.
2. Byron, Browning, Burns, Blake, Bridges, Brooke, etc.
3. Air.
4. Matilda.
5. (a) Rugby football, (b) rowing.
6. Paragnosis.

BEELEZEBUB JONES



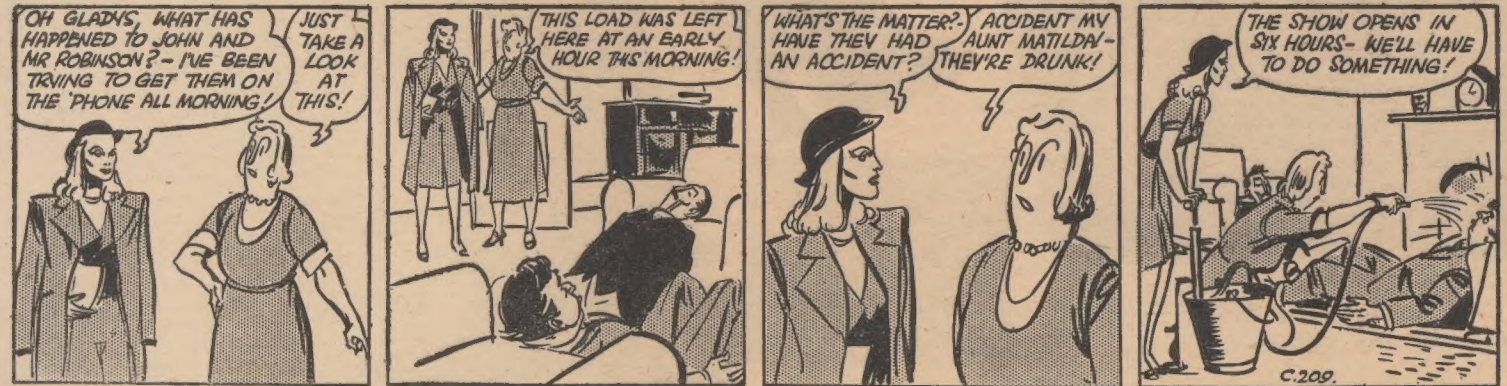
BELINDA



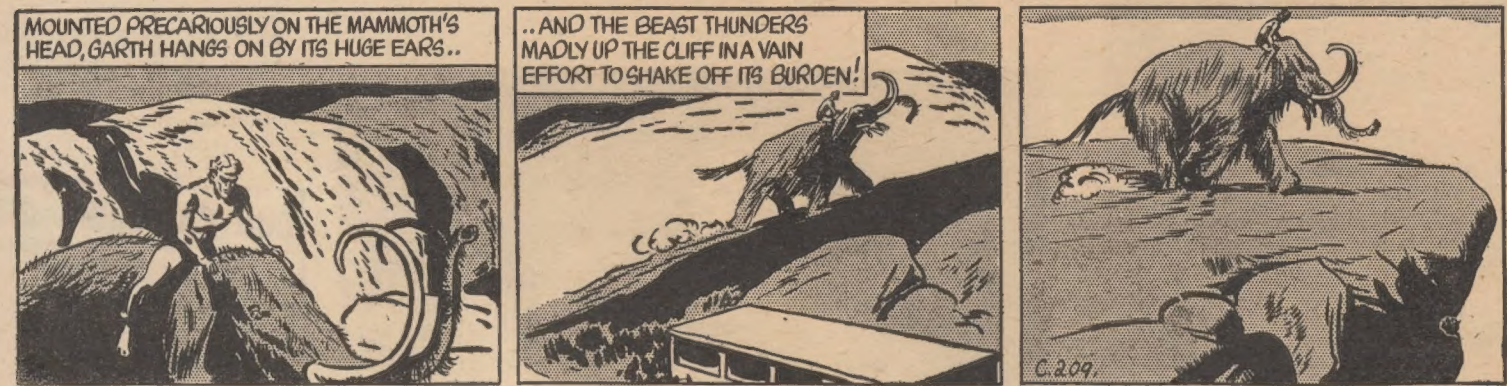
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

MORALE AND FATALISM.

ON morale, the great thing, I think, is not to try to be braver than you are. This means, among other things, having the moral courage not to be afraid of feeling afraid, or showing that you feel afraid. Every soldier knows the dangers and the follies of mock heroism. . . . Fatalism is a craven and debilitating creed when effort is demanded. For it saps effort when effort might be effective. But when there is nothing to be done, then there is no harm in falling back upon the reflection of our cosmic insignificance and personal impotence.

Dr. C. E. M. Joad.

THE MIND OF A PEOPLE.

POETRY is the most intimate, and often the truest, reflector of the mind of a people. . . . The English are above all a creative people, though they are not very conscious of it; they express themselves best in action directly, and imaginatively in poetry. All the ups and downs in our history—particularly the "ups," for our modern history has mostly consisted of "ups"—the great issues of our national life, the periods of excitement and stress, of danger and heroic achievement, have been expressed in our poetry.

Dr. A. L. Rowse.

THINKING, DOING.

UNTIL the day when a Fleet Street man can see a fat old Colonel coming out of the War Office and not say "Blimp" automatically; until the day when a naval officer can hear of bomb damage somewhere near Westminster and not respond with "Such a pity it missed the Talking House"; until the day when the men who make history are not ashamed to be seen sitting and reading it—and the men who write history are not incapacitated also from helping to make it—until this infinitely desirable millennium, not only will wars continue to be more than possibilities, but their duration and beastliness will, as now, be doubled.

Phoebe Fenwick Gage.

REVIVAL?

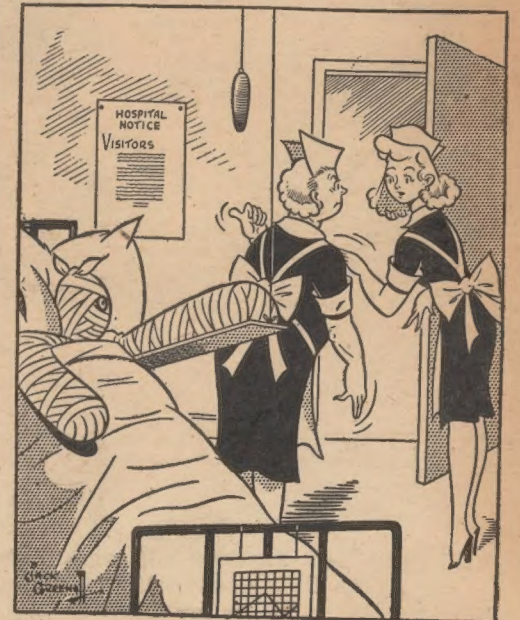
NO amount of time or money spent in market or laboratory research in improvements in the processes of field or factory will avail if there are not enough men of the right type to use and develop them. . . . With an un-English reliance on the soft option, we seek a short cut to a better world in a forty-hour week by a concentration on machines and formulae and currency manipulation. None of these will compensate for empty cradles, nor can Britain stand unless she is supported by the characteristics which have raised her to where she is—or should it be was?

Sidney Rogerson.

INSPIRATION OF HISTORY.

NOTHING is more constant—or more justifiable—in all his (Mr. Churchill's) speeches during the war than the inspiration he derives, and has passed on to us in some measure, from the knowledge of our people's past. There is the case for the study of history: who dares to laugh at history now . . . The best talkers and for that matter writers, too—are often the best men of action. . . . I do not hold with the nonsense about strong, silent men; nearly all the able men I have known had something to say for themselves and were determined to say it.

Dr. A. L. Rowse.



*NO! CAME IN FOR TONSILLITIS REALLY, BUT HE GOT FRESH—

Good Morning

Well, well, mother love and all that. Even a zoo-fed Crane feels proud of the first-born. We bet they're saying "He walks just like you, my dear."



This Wales

Looking across the lovely Vale of Tawe, near Craig-y-nos, famed Welsh beauty spot.



"Why look amused, old man? Don't you realise that the Cleopatra death-scene is NOT supposed to be humorous!"
"I'm laughing at the asp, you sap!"



Glamorous Lilli Palmer, Gaumont-British star, shows off her buttoned-boots and multiple petticoats.



Here's Lumpy, a terrier, greeting his pet goose, Muriel. This shot was taken on a Yorkshire farm.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'll be Puss-in-Boots any day."

